Dear Mom & Dad –

Immediately after the bank robbery there were hundreds of policemen in the area and they searched everybody in sight. They were looking for a man in a RED COAT and DARK SHOES.

The police officer who searched me remembered me on account of my disfigured right ear. He testified on the stand that I was wearing WHITE SHOES and a DARK jacket.

For gods sake, how much different are there between white and black.

My attorney didn't stress any of this to the jury.

All my attorney did is go through the motion of a trial.

I even told my attorney that I was dissatisfied with him but what the hell can I do when the court makes me keep him.

There has to be justice somewhere in this world mom – but when I'm locked up I am limited to the people I can write to – but for heavens sakes you not and I beg you to write to any legal organization about me.

If you can only get somebody to come talk to me or get them to write to me on an official basis I am positive I can convince them of my innocence.

They don't hang to believe me mom, but for God sakes the facts in the case speak for themselves.

I love you all and I'm sorry I am crying so much while I write these letters today but I can't help it because I'm not guilty.

Love, Charles